CONCLUSION

And now my journey completed, it may be of interest to give my impressions of aerial travel.

In the first place, travelling at upwards of a hundred miles per hour at an average height of say, five thousand feet, gives the passenger very little idea of the speed at which he is travelling. Gazing earthward the shadow of the plane far below seems to be literally crawling across the countryside and "We hardly seem to be moving," is a remark I have heard on many occasions. But when landing we realise the actual speed and begin to wonder whether the pilot can pull up within the confines of the aerodrome. Strangely enough there is no feeling of dizziness, no matter what altitude is reached, and this I attribute to the absence of anything with which, so to speak, to measure the distance, such as the side of a high building or looking down from the top of a high mountain. The nervous passenger can put away any doubt on this score.

If I am asked what is the chief attraction to air travel—apart from its speed of course—I would undoubtedly say the freedom from dust and dirt, which is especially noticeable when emerging from the plane at the end of a long flight, and the freshness and cleanliness of everything, in great contrast to the dust and stuffiness of a railway carriage.

The bird's-eye view of the countries over which we fly is a revelation, as for the first time we have a true conception of the configuration of the landscape. It must be seen to be fully realised, and

the voyager who has not yet tasted the delight of aerial navigation, has a great treat in store.

As long as life lasts—even if I take no more air journeys—I shall remember the crossing of the English Channel, the serried mountain ranges of Southern France, the view of Cairo with the Pyramids, the magnificent panorama of Jerusalem and the crossing of the silent waters of the Dead Sea. Also the crossing of the desolate waste of the Iraq desert, the tracing of the courses of the Euphrates and Tigris, and the old-fashioned city of Arabian Nights fame, Baghdad. The journey across Mesopotamia, with the great ruin of Ctesipon Arch, a reminder of a dead and gone civilization, the wonderful coast of Arabia with the pearl divers in deadly peril of the sharks, the crossing of the mountains of the Oman Peninsula, the magnificent spectacle of the Cathedral Rock on the coast of Baluchistan, are all indelibly engraved on my memory. In the comfort of my armchair I close my eyes and picture again the surging population of the Indian cities, the view of Rangoon with the gilded Shwe Dagon Pagoda, the wonderful city of Bangkok, the crossing of hundreds of miles of jungle in the Malay Peninsula, the view over Singapore harbour, and the wonderful panorama of the active volcanoes in the island of Java, are everlasting memories of a journey which but ten years ago, would have been an absolute impossibility.

In these days of strenuous business competition, rapid transit becomes a sine qua non, and we must realise the stern fact that in the future, air travel is not only necessary but imperative if we are to retain our place amongst the nations of the world. TIME IS MONEY.